(Copyright, 1899, by S. S. McClure Co.) WANTER TO THE TOTAL THE TO

long, long ago, there was a man named Manis, who supported himself and his old disabled mother by making besoms out of the long heather on the lonely moor where they lived. One day, when Manis was driving a very sorry old institution of a horse -that you could count every bone in his body through the skin-to the town with a load of besoms for sale, Manis began to ruminate to himself on the bad trade this same besom-making was becoming, entirely, that he could hardly keep body and sowl sticking together himself, let alone support his mother and an old horse that would soon die on his hands, anyway, and then he'd be in a fix, for he couldn't scrape as much money together as would buy a new straddle, let alone a new horse. And then, as for selling this one, it's what he'd have to pay a man to take him off his hands, let alone get money for him. But it's a bad disaise that can't be cured somehow, Manis said to himself—so he began to consider to himself how he could sell his rickle of a pony to advantage. Manis had about as clever a head as ever was set on ignorant shoulders—and right well he knew this—and he was not long finding a way out of the pickle. When he went to the town and disposed of his besoms and got the money for them he put the money into shilling pieces, half-crown pieces and one shilling pleces, half-crown pieces and one half sovereign, and, inquiring for the grandest hotel, he put his horse into the stable and stuck the gold, half sovereign and all the other pieces, into the holes in its hide—for the poor baste's skin had holes



enough to hide away a fortune in, good ness knows—slipping them just where you'd know in under the skin; and then he went into the hotel and ordered the best of ev erything, eating and drinking, for himself, and as for the horse, he told them not to spare the corn and bran mashes on him for he was going to put him into training for a great race. Manis got a'l he called for and the horse, too, got everything of the best, and that all fared well until it came to the paying of the bill, which came to a big figure entirely. When the bill was put before him Manis said he would call again and pay it; that he had no ready cash about him now, and all that. But the wait-ers raised the divil of a ruetter and approers raised the divil of a ruction, and sent for the owner of the hotel himself, who happened to be mayor over the town. And they pointed out Manis to him and to d him the whole story, and the mayor said that if Manis didn't take and pay the money on that instant moment he would send for the soldiers and have him hung by coort-martial at once.
"Well, well," sez Manis, sez he, "but this

is a nice how-do-ye-do that a gintleman can't be trusted for a few shillings only this way. Sweet good luck to you and your house," sez he to the mayor. "I never yet in all my travels met with such on dalcent people. Though I have a shabby coat on me atself," sez Manis, "don't judge me by that, for that's my notion, and it's the way I choose to go. And look ye here now, Misther Mayor," sez he, "I could not only pay for my own dinner, but I could invite every mother's sowl in this towngeod, bad and ondifferent, big, wee and midding—here, and give them their dinners and nay for them and buy you out of ners and pay for them, and buy you out of house and home then, and make a present of the whole consarn to your waiter there the next minute, and live as ondependent as a prence still after," sez Manis. "But if you must be paid for your hungry bit of a dinner that wouldn't break a man's fast on a Good Friday, ye must. I left my purse behind me at home, and I didn't just want to abuse my poor baste now, seeing he's after a long journey; but to stop your throat I'll do anything, so here he goes." And with that Manis plants his hat on his

Once upon a time, when pigs was swine, at it, and he turned it over and looked at the other side, and then jingled it on the ground, and next bit it with his teeth.
"Well, by all that's infarnal," sez he, "but it's a good shining goold half sov-ereign," sez he, "with the king's head on "Humph!" sez Manis, sez he, "is that all?

That's not enough, then. We must try So Manis whacked the horse again, and again, and again; and the horse flung up again, and again, and again; and the coins come jumping out, rolling among the waiters, and them picking them up, and shouting out every time how much they were. When Manis got enough to pay the bill—"Now," sez he, "when I have my hand on him, I may as well take the price of a

box of matches and a bit of tobacco out of him," and he flogged out another cou-ple of half crowns, the mayor and the waiters looking on with their mouths open and rubbing their eyes every now and then to see whether it was asleep or awake they were. When Manis had finished, and had all the pieces flogged out of him except a couple, he yoked him into the cart, as if he was going to start.

"I say, my good man," sez the mayor, when he got his breath with him; "I say, my good man," sez he, "would you sell that horse?" "Is it sell him?" sez Manis, sez he. "No by no means."

by no means."

"I would be content to give you a good penny for him," sez the mayor; "just as a curiosity to show my friends, you know."

"You'll have to get some other curiosity for your friends this time, then," sez Manis.

"This would be a rare curiosity, entirely."

"I wouldn't refuse you for down in gold." "I wouldn't refuse you £50 down in cold cash for him," sez the mayor.
"Faix, I suppose you would not," sez Manis, tartly.

"I wouldn't refuse you a hundred pounds down for him, now that I think of it," sez ne mayor.
"Think again," sez Manis.
"Oh, but I think that a big penny," sez

the mayor. "And wouldn't you think five hundred bigger?" sez Manis.
"Oh, I couldn't think of that, my good man," sez the mayor.
"Very well and good, then," said Manis. "When every one sticks to their own no man's wronged. Good morning and good luck," sez he, pretending to go and to drive

"Hold on, ye," sez the mayor, running forward and catching the reins. "Is it very expensive, his keep? Have you to feed him anything special to get them coins out

"Yes, sartinly," sez Manis; "his keep is a very expensive item entirely, and if you're not prepared to give him his fill of good oat, corn and bran, there's no use in your throwing away your hard-earned money purchasing him from me. I like to be hon-est with you, so good morning again."

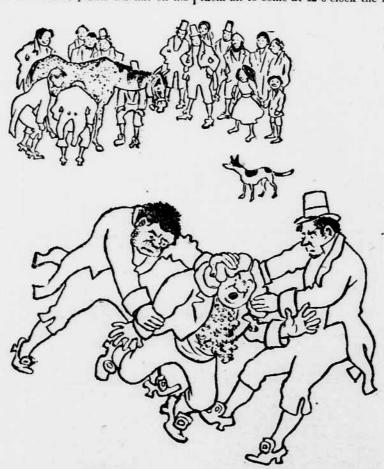
"Hold on, you! Hold on, you!" sez the mayor, pulling the reins with all his might, for Manis was making wonderful big quivers with the reins and the whip, as if he wanted to get away, hither or no, and that he was in no way consarned to make sale. "Hold on, you!" sez the mayor. "One of

you run in there," sez he to the waiters, "and fetch me out £500 you'll get rolled up in the foot of an old stocking in the bottom corner of my trunk, and the others of you take this horse out of the cart and put him into the stable," sez he. So the waiter soon come running back with the foot of an old stocking, and the



Out Jumped the Gold Half-Sovereign

out of it down into Manis' hand, and Manis and him parted, Manis going whistling home with a light heart. The mayor had the pony locked up in a stable by itself, up to the eyes in corn and bran, and he double locked it, putting the key into his own pocket, and then went round the town telling all his gentlemen friends of his good fortune, and inviting them all to come at 12 o'clock the next day



HIS GINTLEMEN FRIENDS HAD TO DRAG HIM AWAY.

head and away out to the stables, with the mayor and all the waiters after him to see what he was up to at all, at all.

Manis led the pony out to the yard, and, telling the crowd to stand off him, he got the horse. Sure enough, at 12 o'clock the next day, all his gentlemen friends were gathered in the hotel yard, and the lord mayor came out and control the stable door.

mayor and all the waiters after him to see what he was up to at all, at all.

Manis led the pony out to the yard, and, telling the crowd to stand off him, he got the pony by the head with one hand and with a stick in the other he struck the horse's ribs just beside the place he hid the half sovereign, and the horse flung up as well as he was able—bekase for six years before he never had the spirit to fling till he got the feed of corn and bran—and out jumps the gold half sovereign and rolls just right to the mayor's feet. The mayor looked down at it bewildered. "Will ye kind'y," sez Manis, sez he, in an

"Will ye kind'y," sez Manis, sez he, in an off-hand sort of way to the mayor, "will yer mayorship kindly pick up that coin and tell me how much it is?" The mayor picked it up, and he looked

gathered in the hotel yard, and the lord mayor came out and opened the stable door and ordered one of his men to lead out the horse. He was provided with a nice little tough cane himself, that he had bought at 18 pence in a little shop next door, specially for the occasion, and he ordered his man to lead the horse into the middle of the yard, and then he went round clearing a circle round the horse, putting his gentle-

yard, and then he went round clearing a circle round the horse, putting his gentlemen friends back with the cane, as he said the little coins would likely be rolling among them, and maybe get lost.

"Now, John," sez he to the man who was holding the horse, "keep a good, tight grip on the reins, and don't let him burst freely use its facilities.

and sez they:
"It's half a crown, by the toss o' war!" "We're getting toward the goold now. Hold hard again, John! Lookout, gentlemen, for I'm guessing this will be sovereign or a sovereign, and it might get lost." And with that he comes down an-other rap on the baste's ribs, but, lo and behold you, though the horse flung ever so high the sorra take the coin or coin

The lord mayor looked round him and then looked up in the air to see if the coin



Manis Going Whistling Home.

went up that way and forgot to come down, but seeing no sign of it there he turned to John, and, sez he:

"What way did that coin go, John?"

"Faith," sez John, sez he, "you put me a puzzler. Ax me another."

"There's some mistake," says the lord mayor, squaring himself out and folding up his sleeves. "I'm afraid that I didn't strike hard enough that time; but it will not be my fault this time or I will." So down he comes, such a polthogue, on the poor brute's bones as made its inside sound like a drum, and up higher than ever the like a drum, and up higher than ever the baste flung its heels, and the lord mayor and John and all the crowd stood back to watch for the coin, but good luck to their wit if they were watching from that time till this the dickens receive the coin or oin would they see.
"Right enough," sez the lord mayor, sez

"Right enough," sez the lord mayor, sez he. "It's as plain as a pike staff that there must be some mistake here. Don't you think isn't there some mistake, John?"

"Faix." sez John, "I would be very strongly of the opinion that there is."

"John," sez the lord mayor, sez he, "I think we're not holding his head the right way. It strikes me that the owner of him held his head to the north when he was way. It strikes me that the owner of him held his head to the north when he was flogging the money out of him. What do you think if we hold his head to the

hard. John, and keep a sharp eye out for the coin," sez he, spitting on the stick and winding it round his head and fetching it down. Oh, melia murdher! that you'd think it wouldn't leave a bone in the poor baste's body it wouldn't knock into a stirabout. And then up flung the horse and the mayor jumped back, and then the mayor held out his hand and said: "Whist! Whisht!" and set up his ears to hear where the com would fall; but, movrone, ne'er a coin or coin was to be heard. The first thing the mayor heard was a bit of a titter of a laugh, and then another and another, till the titter went round all his gintlemen friends. With that he got black in the face, to find that he had made such a fool of himself, and to the flogging of the horse ne falls again detarmined to have it out of he flans again, determined to make it out of him if there was a coin at all in him. And he flogged him high up and low down, and all around, whacking and striking, and puffing and-eursing, and the baste flinging and leaping up and whinnying, till at length ye a'most wouldn't see the poor animal for blood and foam. And his gintlemen friends round about had to interfare at last and drag him away from the horse by brute force and threaten to give him in charge of the soldiers if he didn't stop murdering the creature, and the horse was dragged off and the lord mayor was dragged in, and the whole town laughed for nine days after till they laughed the lord mayor clean out of his office. And as for Manis, the rascal, he gave up the besom-making trade, as well he might, and he lived an independent private gintleman, himself and his mother, for the rest of their days on the interest of his money.

## Velocity of the Wind.

From the Scientific American. The great hurricane which wrought such destruction to Porto Rico has furnished remarkable records of velocity. Recent advices from the weather bureau station at Hatteras contain some very startling figures and prove that if we are to register the highest possible velocities of the wind our automatic apparatus will have to be strengthened accordingly. The greatest velocity occurred shortly after noon, the 17th of August, when records were made which prove this hurricane to have been the most severe within the past seventy-five years. It seems on the morning of August 16 easterly gales were experienced at Hat-teras in which the velocity of the wind ranged from thirty-six to fifty miles an hour. At 4 o'clock of the morning of the 17th the wind was blowing seventy miles an hour and at 1 o'clock p.m. it was ninetythree miles an hour, with extreme velocities of from 120 to 140 miles an hour. At this time the anemometer cups were blown away, but the report states that the wind probably reached an even greater force from 3 p.m. to 7 p.m. of that day. The highest velocity previously reported at the station was eighty miles an hour. This was in April, 1889. The air pressure reached 28.62 inches at 8 p.m., and this is the lowest ever recorded on the middle At-

## The Star Office in London.

The Evening Star has now a permanently established and well fitted office in London. located in Trafalgar Buildings, Trafalgar Square, where its representative will be constantly in attendance, and where files of the paper, and those of other leading American journals, will be kept for the benefit of visitors. Patrons and friends of The Star, traveling in England and on the continent, are invited to have their mail addressed to the care of its London office, as above, where it will be safely kept until called for, or forwarded, as may be instructed, from time to time.

As the location of the new Star office is one of the most central in London, in near proximity to most of the principal hotels. and easily accessible from all parts of the city, it will prove to be a great accommodation to those who avail themselves of the advantages it affords; and ladies as well as gentlemen, traveling abroad, are invited to

Written for The Evening Star.

Here are some hitherto unpublished clues to buried treasure which may lead you to wealth and influence if you follow them industriously. They are brought back fresh from the desert regions of the far southwest by Mr. F. W. Hodge of the bureau of ethnology, who this week returned from a two months' tour, for purposes of study, in the entire Pueblo region, in which alone, traveling entirely overland, he covered 650 miles.

"While in the southwest I heard many enticing clues to buried treasure, open to any one who can find the hidden key," the ethnologist said, "but none of these offer such temptations as the story of the Bollas del Plata mines. The truth of this is borne out by documentary evidence to be found in certain old records of the ancient Mexican custom house, in operation a cen-

tury and a half ago. "Somewhere between the years 1736 and 1741, when Arizona was in Spanish terri-tory, Don Diego Asmendi, a wandering Mexican miner, reached a settlement of the Papago Indians situated almost upon the present boundary between Arizona and Sonora, Mexico. The Papagoes, who still cover this area, called their settlement 'Arizonac.' Don Diego Asmendi, by some chance, came across a hidden deposit of silver and astonished the Mexicans by returning with what was probably the largest virgin lump of the precious white metal he virgin lump of the precious white metal be-fore or since found in the world. It con-tained no less than 2,700 pounds of pure silver. Asmendi, returning through Mexico. bore with him another virgin lump of 275 pounds, while the aggregate weight of several other nuggets was 4,023 pounds.

"According to the Spanish policy of exorbitant revenue assessment, these tremendous nuggets were unreasonably taxed by the Mexican custom house officer of those early times when Don Diego's find became known. A dispute between the officer and the finder of the silver arose and the matter was appealed to the Viceroy of Mexico who decided that the controversy, involv-ing, as it did, the largest silver nugget ound in the world, was beyond his responsibility, and that it would have to be re-ferred to the King of Spain himself. The king, taking the viceroy's hint, promptly ruled that a nugget weighing 2,700 pounds must be regarded as a curiosity, and that all natural curiosities of great value found

in the colonies must by courtesy be re garded as the property of the crown. "Asmendi was naturally heartbroken at this loss of his priceless nugget. It is said that he left Mexico in disgust without revealing the precise locality of the won-derful mine. It was, however, known be-yond doubt that the lumps of silver were yond doubt that the lumps of silver were found in or near the Papago settlement of Arizonac, which grew to be known as 'Bollas del Plata,' which, in Spanish, means 'balls of silver.' The old name, 'Arizonac,' thereupon became widely applied to this region, and, as very few people know, when the present territory of Arizona was carved out of Mexico its name was directly derived from this same Papago village, near which the abandoned mine of lage, near which the abandoned mine of Asmendi still remains undeveloped. I pre-sume that the monster nugget was sent to Mexico and coined in the mint there you think if we hold his head to the north?"

"Anything at all you please," sez John.

"I'm paid to obey orders."

"All right then, John, just move his head round that way a little. That's it. That will do," sez the lord mayor. "Now hold hard, John, and keep a sharp eve out for serted wealth become cooled. The nug-gets were found on or near the surface and discouragement doubtless overcame the

> ing. "Indeed, I should like to have the time to go to this region and dig on my own account. It is not unlikely that some more 2,700-pound lumps of virgin silver, or even larger ones, are fdly reposing beneath the soil where the Mexican made his rich find. The people who have inhabited the region for the past century and a half are the last in the world to improve such a mine if assured of its resources. The Papago spot, and in their language it is still known as Arizonac. These red men are not such as would resist any attempt to mine the region today. Arizonac lies just about on the boundary line, perhaps a trifle over toward the Sonora side. To reach it the

> journey must be almost wholly inland from the Southern Pacific railway. "I also learned from an old and reputable authority who lives in the southwest the story of a great wealth of lost gold known to have remained buried, since a generation ago, somewhere between what now two small stations, 'McCarty's' 'Grant,' fifteen miles apart, on the Santa Fe Pacific railroad, in western and central New Mexico. The story runs as follows:

A Lost Fortune.

"When the California gold craze was at its height many Mexicans were tempted to try their luck in the new El Dorado One of their expeditions, which had met with tremendous success, was returning home with a large burro train weighed down with gold, and was following a trail leading past the spot mentioned, when they heard that a great band of Navajos were about to raid them. The burros were immediately stripped of their costly bur-dens and all hands set to work to hide 't in the earth, hoping for sufficient time to escape before the Indians might arrive. Not until after the last nugget had been securely covered, certain markers had been planted and preparations had been made for rapid flight did the poor Mexicans realize that their time had been ill-reckoned. The Navajos, who greatly outnum-bered their victims, swept in upon their band and slaughtered all but one, who fled in terror to a settlement beyond, where in great excitement, he told his tale and left a meager description of the hiding place. Hurrying in search of others to help him recover the gold, this man evidently met with some mishap on the way. At any rate, he never returned, but certain Mexi-cans to whom the story was confided hur-ried to find the place designated. After excavating many feet one of these men hit with his shovel a stone with peculiar markings which resounded with such a weirdly hollow tap as to lead him to believe that something uncanny resided beneath. He fied from the spot, alarming his companions who being a superstitious neath, He fied from the spot, alarming his companions, who, being a superstitious people, imagined that in a cavern beneath the soil the ghosts of the massacred miners were watching as sentries over their lost treasure. After this incident the spot became forgotten, as none of the superstitious diggers could be induced to return. But the story still lived. The source of my information is such as to lead me to suspect its truth. pect its truth. Raided by Indians.

"Another clue to buried treasure which heard in the southwest is the following: A dozen or more years ago an American named Adams came hurrying from the Navajo country into the mining town of Gallup, on the Santa Fe Pacific road, in western New Mexico, literally weighed down with huge nuggets of pure gold. The people in the locality at once became wild with excitement. Adams told how he with with excitement. Adams told how he with several companions had discovered a rich mine in the Navajo reservation and how they were just gathering from the surface such huge nuggets as he carried with him when they were all raided by a hostile band of the Indians. While fleeing for their lives all were butchered excepting himself.

"A large party was at once organized." "A large party was at once organized with sufficient strength to recover the mine, but Adams, who held the key to the situation, succumbing to the excitement of his terrible ordeal and narrow escape, meanwhile went raving mad and had to be confined in an insane asylum, in which he

away. I'll not keep you long, for I'll only take a few hundred pounds out of him the day, just to let these gentlemen friends of mine see the thing. Hold hard, now, see he, and he drew the cane a sharp slap on the poor baste's ribs.

Up flung the horse and out jumped a coin and rolled into the crowd.

The lord mayor crossed his arms and axed some of the crowd to lift it and tell him what it was.

They lifted and examined it, as if it was one of the seven wonders of the world, and they bit it and stratehed it, and sex they:

"It's a good, bright shilling, with the king's head on it."

"Humph!" sez the lord mayor, a wee bit taken aback. "Is that all? I expected a bit of goold, but the goold's to come yet. Hold hard again, John!" sez he, and he come down another sharp rap on the horse's ribs. Up flung the horse and out jumps another coin. "Kindly tell me," sez he, "how much is that?"

The crowd took it up again and scratched and rubbed it and jingled it and bit it, and sez they:

"It's half a crown, by the toss o' war!"

"It's half a crown, by the toss o' war!"

"It's half a crown, by the toss o' war!"

Written for The Evening Star.

Here are some hitherto unpublished clues

BURIED. TREASURE

scoon afterward died. The party, however, attempted the recovery of the gold, but steem double. The gold, but soon returned unsuccessful. Up to a few years ago there were made similar efforts, all equally fulles. Such constant intrusion upon the Navajo reservation became so much of an annoyance to these Indients in the lidden in the Far Southwest.

Soon afterward died. The party, however, attempted the recovery of the gold, but soon returned unsuccessful. Up to a few years ago there were made similar efforts, all equally fulles. Such constant intrusion upon the Navajo reservation became so much of an annoyance to these Indients in the party in the sale of the solt hand in the Sull such gold in the Carriso mountains, is the northern part of the reservation, and the walue of its deposit. With the ald of the Navajos themselves t

AS SINTH SYNTHYS BES

Source of Unfailing Wealth.

"In the town of Yuma, which lies partly on the California and partly on the Arizona side of the Colorado river, there lived thirty or forty years ago a Mexican known to possess a rich but undeveloped gold mine somewhere in the desert to the west Whenever he became in want he mysteriously left the little town by night and took a burre with him in the direction of his buried wealth. He was careful to change his course each trip so as to avoid, by re-tracing his tracks, the leaving of a trail such as might lead others to the spot. Re-turning usually in about a week his burro was always heavily laden with the precious metal, the mysterious source of which weighed upon the curiosity of the entire neighborhood. Those who endeavored to track him either returned unsuccessful or became desert mad and, losing their way from this cause, dled of thirst or starvation.

"To the present time this mine awaits its rediscoverer. Indeed, in this locality, especially in the desert west of Yuma, no gold mine of any description has yet been

### FLOATING FLAT IRONS.

Vagaries of a Quicksilver Fountain

Now on Exhibition in London. From the London Enquirer.

sufficient quicksilver at the bottom of the lower basin to enable some household flat irons to float—a striking feature which should establish the fact in the minds of the ordinary public that it is mercury that is being dealt with and not water. From the lower how!

the lower bowl there is a drainpipe, eighty feet long and one and one-half inches in diameter, which conveys the mercury to a

tank at a slightly lower level, forming the source of supply to an elevator apparatus for providing the necessary "head" of mer-cury. The form of elevator adopted con-sists of a number of small, thickly set steel

buckets, three and one-half inches by two and one-quarter inches, freely suspended at intervals on an endless bicycle chain,

which is conveyed through the storage

tank. As each bucket dips into the latter a tilting device insures it picking up all

the mercury it will conveniently hold. The

full buckets are thence led upward to a

by a pipe, 106 feet in length and one inch

ain. Two and a half tons is the amount

of quicksilver employed, its value amount-ing to £594 sterling. Each of the tanks has about two cubic feet of mercury in it. The

number of elevator buckets is twenty-eight, at twenty inch intervals along the chain, and as each holds some ten cubic inches

(five pounds) the supply of mercury is worked at the rate of over seven tons per hour. Both the delivery and return pipes

are lined with glass—mainly to reduce fric-tion to a minimum—and the head of mer-

cury in the reservoir tank is equivalent to six feet above the height of the top basin

six feet above the neight of the two-horse power electric motor of the Langdon-Davies power lectric motor of the Langdon-Davies

alternating current pattern. Both the fountain itself and the machinery to work

t are electric lighted, and the effect at

night of the spray, or spurs, of mercury falling, with the light glistening between

is quite entrancing. The whole apparatus

is also very carefully covered in a glass frame work, to avoid injury and waste

A Pacing Dog.

rvoir tank some fourteen feet above where each in turn, by means of a similar tilting device, parts with its contents. From this upper tank the mercury is conducted

ures, the object being to draw attention to a leading produca of Queensland. The mercury-or quicksliver, as better known The King Got It. by the general public-with a weight nearly fourteen times that of water, falls from an upper bowl, four feet in diameter, to one seven feet below and three and onehalf feet larger. Both of these basins, as well as the ornamental supporting pillar between them, are made of iron, painted black to improve the effect. Owing to the great cost of quicksilver—up to about 2s. 6d per pound—one of the main problems was to so devise the apparatus as to get an appreciable effect with the smallest amount possible. Hence contribute likest amount ossible. Hence, anything like a Niagara Falls of mercury was out of the question The top bowl is, in fact, filled with cemen so as to render it a mere table or support with sixty-four small channels, or chases, at intervals of two inches round the lip for conducting the mercury in very small quan-tities over the edge. Then, again, the sup-ply is so arranged that there is only just

followers of Asmendi because they falled to pick up more surface deposits. In those days they had no facilities for deep min-

still have their little settlement on th

M. B. Scott, a veterinary surgeon of Faribault, S. D., has a novelty in the shape of a wonderful pacing dog. So far as is known this is the only instance on record of pacing dog, though a trotting dog is not unheard of, and a man named Harry Ketcham, a Canadian, once owned a trotter whom he called "Doc." This dog, which was a pointer, he exhibited at race tracks and fairs all over the country. He was said to have made about \$10,000 out of the animal.

from splashing mercury.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

Dr. Scott's dog will race against either a horse or a bicycle, and seems to enjoy it, though he evidently regards it as a very serious matter. Gypsy, as the doctor calls him, can make very good time, and Dr. Scott has speeded him from a standing start to make a quarter of a mile in forty five seconds, and the first eighth in twenty

When he was teaching him to pace Dr. Scott put small string hobbles on him in order to prevent him from breaking. Gypsy paced a little before the doctor bought him, though so little as to be of no consequence; but his new master thought he saw possibilities of the dog doing better, and began a course of careful and sys-tematic training, until he obtained the present result.

The dog is a pure-blooded St. Bernard, and weighs 140 pounds; is three feet high, measures six feet from the tip of his bushy tail to the end of his handsome nose, and is about four years old. He races alone, without a driver, and, besides being a very fine animal, is a real curiosity.

# From the Detroit Journal.

"And finally," he urged proudly, "I am a The beautiful girl whose hand he sought

in marriage fegarded him with scorn, "You cannot deceive me." she exclaimed "You were made by a trust! What would you be, I ask you in all candor, but for Consolidated Pigs' Feet?"

He qualled under her accusing glance, and offer a few commenciations were left. and after a few commonplace remarks, left

### Less Pussling. From the Chicago News.

her forever.

Brown-"That Dreyfus trial has always been a puzzle to me, but now I am able to understand it a little since they have adopted American methods." Jones-"Why, it seems more mixed than

Brown—"Of course, but we can understand why, now that they are using so much expert testimony."

Preknowledge.

From Harper's Bazar.

"I wonder why thieves never snatch ladies' purses, when they carry them so conveniently conspicuous?" said Bunting. "I think they must have a fairly good knowledge of what is in them," replied

### ELABORATE PROGRAM IN HIS HONOR

Will Realize That the People Are Glad to See Him. .

A WELCOME FROM FRIENDS

Written for The Evening Star. The conqueror of Spain's naval force in the far east will be formally received and saluted on Thursday next by Rear Admiral Sampson, in command of a welcoming squadron of impressive might. Flags will flutter, trumpets will blare, drums will beat and bands will play, but above all will burst the thundering roar of the saluting guns. It will be a tribute of peaceful congratulation to the victor, and beyond that a nation's expression of love and honor for her son, whose gallant deeds brought a hostile power to its knees.

This naval pageant will be a brilliant one ndeed. Second in power only to the fleet which destroyed Cervera's squadron will be the force gathered off Sandy Hook to receive the hero of the Philippines. There will be thirteen regular men-of-war, representing all types of vessels in the service save the protected cruiser, together with five of the revenue cutter service craft in token of the gallant record made by that arm of our defense during the recent conarm of our defense during the recent conflict. The vessels composing Admiral Sampson's squadron will be his flagship, the New York; the armored cruiser Brooklyn, the battle ships Indiana and Massachuetts, the second-class battle ship Texas, the gunboat Marietta, which accompanied the Oregon on her memorable run around the Horn; the gunnery training ship Lancaster which during the war acreader steep. This complete novelty and entire departcaster, which during the war served as station ship at the Key West naval base; the revenue cutters Algonquin, Onondaga, Gresham, Manning and Windom, and the torpedo boat flotilla, consisting of the Dupont, Porter, Morris, MacKenzie, Stiletto and the Winslow. ure in fountains was specially designed by Mr. Charles Bright, F. R. S. E., for the Queensland exhibit at Earl's Court, of which it forms one of the principal feat-

### Plenty of Noise.

As the Olympia comes within signaling distance the rest of the ships-following the lead of the New York, according to their stations-will run up the admiral's fourstarred flag of blue and salute it with seventeen guns apiece, and for half an hour the neighborhood of Sandy Hook will reverberate with the boom of those welcoming

rifles.

It had been desired by the New York committee that the old Constitution—that doughty relic of 1812—should form part of the receiving squadron, but the Navy Department wisely declined to risk the old craft upon the uncertain sea, and the com-mittee has contented itself with the New Hampshire—the flagship of the New York battalion of the naval militia—as the repre-sentative of the old navy in this ceremony.

Welcoming the Admiral. Immediately after the salute has been fired Rear Admiral Sampson, in his gig, will repair to the starboard side of the Olympia, where he will be received by Admiral Dewey, Captain Lamberton, the commanding officer of the ship, and such other officers as the admiral may designate in addition to his personal staff. The side will be "piped," the full marine guard will be paraded. As Rear Admiral Sampson reaches the deck officers and men will satisfact the state of the same of the lute, the marine guard will present arms, the drums will give two ruffles, the bugles will blare a like number of flourishes, while the band will play a march. Rear Admiral Sampson will then make the proper repre-sentation of welcome to Admiral Dewey. There will then be a short period during which official etiquette will give way for the social side of the function, when a little "something" will be stowed away "under the belt" of those full dress togs. Upon his departure Rear Admiral Sampson will be ceremonially handed over the side with the same formalities attending his recep-tion, only augmented, however, by a salute of thirteen guns.

Returning the Visit. A short while after Rear Admiral Samp son has returned to the New York Admiral Dewey, accompanied by Capt, Lamberton and the two officers of his personal staff, will start for the New York to return Rear Admiral San-pson's visit. As he passes by the other ships of the receiving squadron each will parade its maring guard in a conspicuous position, the drums will give four ruffles, the bugles will give four flourishes and the officers and men present in sight will salute. Rear Admiral Sampson, with his personal staff and Capt. Chadwick, ishes and the officers and men present in sight will salute. Rear Admiral Sampson, with his personal staff and Capt. Chadwick, commander of the New York, will be at the starboard gangway of the cruiser to receive the admiral—the side ladder being receive the admiral—the side ladder being manned by eight apprentices. Here, again, the full marine guard will be paraded and the crew drawn up as for inspection. The admiral's flag will be hoisted, the band will play a march, the bugles and drums will sound the prescribed ruffles and flourishes. the marines will present arms, and the officers and men in sight will salute.

## An Elaborate Routine.

Again, after the brief social relaxation, the admiral will depart with a duplication of his reception honors, but with the additional features of the rails being manned by the crew, while the guns give a salute of seventeen blasts. As he passes the other ships upon his return to the Olympia their rails or yards, as the case permit, will be manned, the marines will again be paraded and his flag saluted as before, and in response the crew of the admiral's gig will "toss" their oars, that is, cease rowing and raise them to an upright position, while the coxswain will rise and return the salute.
With all its glitter of gold lace, flutter of flags, roaring of guns and sounding of mar thal music, such will be the naval reception following immediately upon the admiral's

Being senior, of ccurse, to Rear Admiral Sampson, Admiral Dewey will assume com-mand of the squadron, and the fleet will be under his order until he formally relin-quishes control upon the assumption of the other duties to which he falls heir by virtue of his exalted rank.

arrival.

### Honoring the Admiral. The arrangements made by Rear Admiral

Sampson and Capt. R. D. Evans with the New York committee contemplate next the call of Mayor Van Wyck and Gen. Butterfield of the citizens' committee, and they will make known to the admiral the final plans and request his pleasure. Admiral Dewey will then determine whether or not he will come ashore. The naval parade will occur on Friday,the

20th instant. The Olympia, with admiral Dewey, will lead the column, and the rear will be brought up by the New York, flying Rear Admiral Sampson's flag. All of the warships, with the exception of the Olym-pla, will be dressed. Along the flank will be the torpedo boat flotilla. The stationing of the flag officers in the front and in the rear is in accordance with naval regulations, which require the senior to be in the van and the junior in the rear, in order, if the squadron turn, that there shall always be a flag officer to assume the lead.

A channel four hundred yards wide will be kept clear in order that there may be no danger of collision. The only boats, under the arrangement made, that will be permitted to sail abreast and out of the line will be the Sandy Hook carrying the mayor. be the Sandy Hook, carrying the mayor and city officials; the Glen Island and Gen-eral Slocum, with the citizens' committee; the Mount Hope, with the municipal assem-bly; the Sam Sloan, for the heads of the city departments of New York, and the Matteawan, for visitors and press represen-

### tatives. A Long Procession. Following the warships will come the

yachts, the Erin, belonging to Sir Thomas Lipton, the cup challenger, leading. After the yachts will come the tugs and other decorated harbor craft, making in all a line of quite six or seven miles in length. On this occasion, in contradistinction to the strictly official greeting at Sandy Hook, will be heard the cheering cries of an enthusiastic populace. Cheers are not considered in good form in naval etiquette, but it is safe to say every throat on the receiv-ing squadron will ache to give vent to that

WORTHY OF A HERO

welcoming greeting which must be clothed in the strictest of regulation ceremonial.

Off Grant's tomb the Olympia will anchor and fire a salute of twenty-one guns, and then all the excursion boats will circle around her in order that every one may have a good view of the former flagship of the Asiatic squadron and of the man whose work is a shining example of the deeds of American naval leaders.

### UNIQUE MOUNTAIN TOWN.

Peculiar Characteristics of Hastings, an Interesting Maine Village. Correspondence New York Times.

Hastings, a little village seated amid the White mountains on the boundary between Maine and New Hampshire, is the most unique town in the United States, if not in the world. It contains over 300 inhabitants at all times of the year, and in the winter months, when the lumber camps are full, the population is doubled. It has two large manufacturing establishments, business houses, fine residences, a post office, telephone and telegraph offices, an electric lighting plant, a railroad, a school and churches. In fact, it has every convenience that a town can possibly have, yet it is not town or city or plantation, or even an incorporated place, and the visit of the tax

collector is an unknown thing.

The territory where the village is located was granted to Richard Batchelder by the state of Massachusetts in 1797, and sixty years ago four families moved there from years ago four families moved there from Fryeburg, in the western part of Oxford county, Me. They cleared away about 100 acres of land and built several log cabins. A few years later they were obliged to abandon the settlement on account of the appearance of "Nigger Tom," a runaway slave, who announced to the terrified settlers that he had been "sent by the Lord" to take the property which they had worked hard for years to clear. Then the viled ed hard for years to clear. Then the vil-lage was named "Nigger Tom's Settle-ment," and was known as that until about 1850, when G. A. and D. R. Hastings pur-chased over 20,000 acres of the land, and the Wild River Lumber Company of New Hampshire took 40,000 acres. Since then Hampshire took 40,000 acres. Since then the town has grown with great rapidity,

the town has grown with great rapidity, every nation being represented. On any pay day the most cosmopolitan gathering of types from all parts of the earth may be seen in the village store, when they call to settle their weekly grocery bills.

The houses have a foreign aspect. Those on the main street are about forty feet wide by forty feet deep, two stories high, square like immense dry goods boxes, painted venetian red, without blinds, and each with six rooms on a floor. They are comfortable and are kept in good repair. Every house is surrounded by huge piles of lumber, giving it the appearance of a town within a stockade. The larger buildings are bound to the earth by huge chains to protect them from the flerce gales which to protect them from the flerce gales which blow down the mountain sides. The most remarkable thing about this re-

markable town is the absence of crime. Notwithstanding the heterogeneous popu-Notwithstanding the heterogeneous population, there are no police. There was a constable in the place up to two years ago, but when his commission expired it was impossible to find any one to take the position. If, perchance, it is necessary to bring a person before the trial justice one of the foremen in the lumber mill goes to the culprit and tells him that his presence is do.

foremen in the lumber mill goes to the culprit and tells him that his presence is desired at the company's store. There the sentence, if the man acknowledges his guilt—and he usually does—is given him by the bookkeeper in the store.

It is the only village in the United States where there is no carriage road. The only means of transportation to or from the village is over the railroad which runs from Gilead to Hastings. The road follows the valley of Wild river along a route so narrow that in many places there is barely valley of Wild river along a route so nar-row that in many places there is barely room for the rails. It penetrates fourteen miles into the wildest defiles of the White mountains. A ride upon it is a new expe-rience, even to a traveler who has visited every part of the world. Along some parts of the road the grade is 400 feet to the

The school in the village is a unique fea-The school in the village is a unique feature. The school house was built in 1892 by the lumber companies, and the teachers are paid by a monthly contribution of 10 cents from each of the workmen in the

### Grover Cleveland's Bible. From the Chicago Record.

There is a great deal of sentiment about Grover Cleveland, which he inherited from his mother, and a religious vein, which comes from his father. Upon his writing able in the library at Princeton lies the old-fashioned Bible, with covers of black enamel, which was given him by his mother when he first went away from home. While he was President the little volume was always kept in the upper lefthand drawer of the desk that was presented to the President of the United States by the Queen of England as a memento of the Sir John Franklin expedition. to the arctic regions. At the top of the to the arctic regions. At the top of the cover, in a little space surrounded by an ornamental border, is inscribed in gilt letters the name, "S. G. Cleveland," and upon the flyleaf there is a line or two of writing in a neat, precise feminine hand, from which we learn that the book was a gift to "My son, Stephen Grover Cleveland, from his Loving Mother."

cleveland became governor the book was generally on the bureau of his bed room. When the governor was about to become President Col. Lamont found the little Bible in the President's rooms at the Arlington, and, handing it to Chief Justice Walte, asked him to use it when he swore the new chief magistrate into office. There were about forty thousand witnesses on the plaza in front of the Capitol when Stephen Grover Cleveland pressed his mother's gift to his lips, and before it was returned to him Mr. Middleton, the clerk of the Supreme Court, entered a formal record on the last flyleaf that it was used to administer the oath of office to Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, on March 4, 1885.

# She Was Pleased.

From Tit-Bits.

The young man has only recently taken up photography and is an ardent enthusiast. He persuaded the girl to whom he is engaged to pose for him. She was seated in a hammock, and he stood directly before her when he took the picture. In a day or two he proudly exhibited the result of the sitting. She gave one glance at it and then handed it back.

"Don't you like it?" he inquired. "I don't assume to criticise," was the re-

"I thought it was pretty good for a first attempt," he insisted.
"Perhaps it is. I am glad you are satisfied with it."

"Of course it might be better."
"Do you think it looks like me?"

"Then, Herbert, I am content." "But you don't seem very cheerful over "Perhaps I don't show it; but that pho-

tegraph has made me very happy."
"I'll have a frame made for it and give it ou."
"No, I don't want to keep it. But it fills
They say that me with joy, nevertheless. They say that when beauty fades, affection vanishes; but when I realize that you can see me depicted with hands and feet like those, without breaking our engagement, I am convinced that there can't be any doubt about your loving me when I am old."

# How Boby Achieved His End.

om Harper's Bazar. "Mamma," said Bobby the other day when he came home from school, "has irony anything to do with iron?" "Nothing whatever, Bobby. Irony means

that we mean the opposite of what we Bobby thought a moment, and continued

Bobby thought a moment, and continued:
"I don't love you just a cent's worth,
mamma. Is that irony?"
"I suppose so," replied his mother, with
a smile that she didn't attempt to repress,
"Then," said Bobby, with an air of
triumph, "wasn't it irony when you said
triumph, "wasn't hat you would!" the day before yesterday that you wouldn't give me a quarter to buy a ticket for the circus today?"
Whether it was or not, he went to the circus that afternoon.

## She Complains.

Madge-"My flance is dreadfully jealous! He objected to my having a booth at the church fair."

Dolly-"What were you going to there?" Madge-"Charge a quarter apiece kisses!"